

THE SONG OF VICTORY

GEORGE S. ARUNDALE

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BY
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IN the worlds of Eternal Light the mighty Choir of Righteousness sings Songs of Victory the while, under the Law, darkness is given its due, but temporary, power. So is it that in the Sunshine of the Deva-Angel singing darkness slowly melts away, and Light is once more perceived by those who have yet to learn that in God is no darkness at all, neither shadow of turning. Only do men walk in their own shadows, and cry out that it is dark. Man has made the shadows of the war. With his Sunlight shining forth from God he shall dissipate them into victory.

TE DEUM LAUDAMUS

We praise Thee, O God : we acknowledge
Thee to be the Lord.

All the earth doth worship Thee : the Father
Everlasting.

To Thee all Angels sing aloud : the heavens
and all the powers therein.

Heaven and earth are full of the majesty :
of Thy Glory.

*Through the Lightning shines forth the Majesty
of the Lord.*

In the Thunder is heard His Kingly Voice.

*In the darkness and in the Light great is His
Will and it shall prevail.*



*Through the Sunshine pours His mighty Blessing.
In the raindrops glistens His Creative Power.
The unclouded sky bears witness to His Benig-
nity.*

*And the clouds are messengers of His Grace.
The towering mountains and the lofty trees
uphold His sacred Throne.*

*The glowing flowers and sparkling gems reflect
His Glory.*

*And the vast oceans throb ceaselessly to His
Omnipotence.*

*The storms are vibrant shadows of His Resist-
lessness.*

*And the deep and placid lakes are calm with
His Eternity.*

*The flowing rivers are symbols of His unflinch-
ing Will.*

*The soil of the earth is rich with the Purpose
of the Lord.*



*And all creatures live in praise of Him.
The young are happy in His Fatherhood.
The old are peaceful mirrors of His Countenance.
In the ears of all creation sounds the compelling
music of His Call to it to come to Him.
The mountains hear, and the trees and flowers.
The oceans and the lakes and rivers give heed to
Him.
The soil of the earth listens in fructifying joy.
The creatures of His Life sway to the music of
His Call.*



*Throughout the world His music sounds, and the
whole world hears His Call and moves steadily
towards Him.
The messengers of His music are many.
In death His music thunders forth triumphantly.
In life its notes are heard in every moment.
In every darkness is His music singing.
In joys and ecstasies how easily is it heard.*

*In wars His music sounds in the lightning-notes
of conflict and of the creative clash of His
mysterious Purposes.*

*In the catastrophes of war, in its heroisms and
triumphs and defeats, in its glories and de-
spairs, His music is ever sounding.*

*It is as the deep rumblings of thunder declaring
in a trumpet blast of awesome notes the
Majesty of His Kingship.*

* * *

*Through the Lightning shines forth the Majesty
of the Lord.*

In the Thunder is heard His Kingly Voice.

*In the darkness and in the Light great is His
Will and it shall prevail.*



THE WAR

As the war grows more and more fierce, and more and more terrible, fear waxes among the weak in heart, who do not know God's Truth .that Victory is ever the end of all things, as it is the beginning of all things, and that only between the two can there be the semblance of defeat.

They fear an encirclement by death, whence there can be no escape.

They fear the advent of sorrow and loneliness, which shall be with them to the end of their days.

They fear mutilating injuries, which shall make living worthless though they must remain alive.

They fear the future, with, perhaps, no means of livelihood.

They fear lest Right be mastered by wrong.

They fear lest even God Himself be conquered by evil.



They must not, they need not, they shall not, fear.

They need not fear death, for death is the gateway to happiness. Indeed is he a Friend bearing glorious gifts.

They need not fear sorrow and loneliness, for these shall be hallowed by helpfulness, and be made sacred by sacrifice. Through

helpfulness and sacrifice comes the peace that passeth understanding, penetrating into the hearts of those who sorrow and are lonely.

They need not fear the mutilating injuries, for in the Light of the patience with which they endure these shall they see God.

They need not fear the future, even if it appear dark, for Light ever comes to those who face the future bravely.

They need not fear that Right will be mastered by wrong. Right has never yet been mastered by wrong, only at times over-clouded. And today Right shall conquer, though for a while dark clouds may be in its sky.

They need not fear the defeat of God, for He is victorious even where we think we see defeats, and in His own good time He

causes the Sun of Good to rise upon the darkness of evil.



Let us face the facts. Let us face the fierceness of the conflict. Let us face its horrors. Let us look evil in the face as it befouls all good with its callous cruelty. Let us realize all the suffering and despair which evil exults to cause. Let us gaze upon the devastations with which it inhumanly visits even the most sacred places.

Let us stand four-square to all these. And as we so stand let us ceaselessly and relentlessly advance upon the evil whence it comes. So shall we destroy it to its uttermost undoing.

God and His Good are with us to the end.

God and His Good are mightily stirring in those sons of Light who are called by Him to bear greatly the brunt of the advance against the darkness.

They are not weak in heart, neither do they fear, for they know God's Truth that Victory is ever the end of all things, as it is the beginning of all things. Only between the two can there be the semblance of defeat.



Many of them may suffer with a suffering that only God dare give them, for He alone can know their power and eagerness to bear it. He alone can know that with them there will be no breaking-point, but only perfect faithfulness.

Around them may be broken into pieces the most hallowed places and monuments wherein dwell the glories of their people.

The Sun may be hidden from them by the descending clouds of evil.

But they know they are the soldiers of God and the messengers of His comfort to a stricken world.

They know that where He has sent the thunder of His destruction, there can He build with the lightning of His creative power ; where He has seen fit to hurt with suffering, there can He heal with joy.

That which the world calls happiness may seem to pass away from them. That which the world calls peace may seem to be for them no more.

But God gives to them *His* Happiness and *His* Peace, which perhaps none others than they can see and know ; and in the power of these they find abiding happiness and peace to glorify their ways.



In the Happiness and Peace of God they become uplifted and transfigured.

They feel calm, confident, joyous, happy, to brave all things and to bear all things for the triumph of that Right in the strength of which they know they go forth upon the Adventure God has entrusted to their cherishing.

Indeed are such as these soldiers and messengers of God—God's Adventurers into God's new world. Indeed are they the sons of the Light of God.

As this war grows more and more fierce, and more and more terrible, the more do God's Adventurers become bold and sure of victory. For to meet the increasing intensity of the conflict God stirs in them a deepening sense of their own Divinity.

They know, as, perhaps, they have not known before, that God is in the heaven of their being and that therefore all will be well with them and with the world.



Those who are in the forefront of the battle have no fear. They have only certainty of victory. Their hearts are not troubled. In shining serenity they go forth into action, knowing that if they die they have helped to make victory sure through dying, and if

they live they are privileged to help to make the victory great in peace.

There is nothing of which to be afraid.

God's Advance Guard has gone into action and is already breaking through.

In the main army behind these Adventurers there may be dead and dying heroes—heroes who are entering a Heaven of Glory ; there may be heroes who are suffering agonies and martyrdoms ; there may be homes crumbling into ruins, towns and cities being laid waste.

But all stand fast.



The dying and the dead know that their very deaths are triumphs, and that round about them the Deva-Angels of God are singing songs of praise and gladness.

Those who are in the throes of pain know that God Himself has sent it to them, assured that He can trust them to bear it faithfully for Him.

Those about whom there lies the desolation of their homes and of their towns and cities know that it is a glorious part of their share in the saving of the world from all that would be far worse than any catastrophe that may be endured for Righteousness' sake.

All give to God their courage, their steadfastness, their endurance, their cheerfulness, their joy that they are worthy to help Him.

And as once more His Sunshine breaks through the clouds, so does He give to His Advance Guard, to His Adventurers, and to

all who have borne the brunt of His battle,
noble memories, joyous contentment and
eager hopes.

Are the ears of the weak still deaf to the
Victory Song of the Deva-Angel host and
to the martial tramping of God's Advent-
urers?

Does the darkness of man-made shadows
still seem to remain impenetrable?

Away with weakness! Away with deafness!

Let the magic of the Victory Song open
their ears and make strong their
hearts.

Let them thus hear the thrilling notes of the
Song of Victory.

Let them thus become attuned in self-abandonment to the martial tramping of God's Adventurers.

Let them thus know that the Song of the Lord of Victory is sounding before them in all the glory of its triumph notes, and is leading them, unfaltering, through the darkness to the dawning of the Light beyond.

Let the weak grow strong and join their brethren, thus to march victoriously with them in common certainty—God's comrades, whose eyes gaze steadfastly forward in His Name and for Him.

*Victory is the beginning and the end of all things.
Only between beginning and end can there
be the semblance of defeat.*

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